

IS LITTLE BOB TUCKED IN?

"I've gotter go," she said, "an' see if little Bob's tucked in; he'll git his death if he's uncovered in this cold storm an' win'." "Oh, little Bob's all right," said I. "You've been to tuck him in four times this evenin', an' I wouldn't run 'way upstairs ag'in." But Cynthia'd worry, fret an' stew, an' raise a duffle din; "W'y, I mus' go ag'in," says she, "an' see if Bob's tucked in."

"W'y, Cynthia, jest set down," I said, "an' git some good 'er life; a feller wants a chance to talk some evenin' with his wife." Then she would take her knittin' out, or work upon her spread, an' make b'lieve lissen, though she didn't hear quarter w'at I said. She wouldn't w'more than git set down. Then jump right up ag'in, an' say: "I mus' run up an' see if little Bob's tucked in."

Young Bob was allus on the jump, an' filled the house with din, an' kicked his quilts off ev'ry night. Fast as she tucked him in, his legs went so fast all day, as long as it was light, an' got up speed so they couldn't stop, an' kep' a-go'in' all night. So Cynthia'd keep a-gittin' up, an' gittin' up ag'in; "I've got to look an' see," says she, "if little Bob's tucked in."

She stood above the casket there, she bent to kiss his face, an' put a strugglin' curl of hair, or fix a bit of lace. Her heart was breakin' with the thought that Bob, so round an' fat, so full of pranks an' fun, should sleep within a crib like that; but still she'd fix his little robe, an' then come back ag'in. An' take a long, last look, an' see if little Bob tucked in.

That night a storm or snow came on, an' how the winds did din, the snow fell, like a coverlid, on little Bob's new grave.

"I'm glad it snows," his mother said, "so hard, so cruel, an' so bleak, I cried to leave him there. But God has sent the blessed snow, I think—an' 'tis no sin—That He has sent His snow to see that little Bob's tucked in."

—Sam Walter Foss, in Boston Journal.

A Chinaman's Gratitude

WELL, there's one good thing about a Chinaman, anyhow—he's grateful," reminiscently remarked a Washington man who put in a couple of cruises as an apothecary in the United States navy. "You may, of late, in the great mass of rubbish that's been written about the slant-eyes, have seen that fact disputed; but I just happen to know that a Chinaman's grateful. However, in order to make the point clear I'll have to begin at the beginning. So here goes: "When I was serving on board a cruiser on the Pacific station I had as a shipmate a private marine named—oh, well, Tom Kingsley's near enough to it: some of his people, of good station, are still living in Philadelphia, and this boy hurt them enough, so we'll just make it Tom Kingsley. Kingsley was sent to the ship with a detachment of marines quite awhile after I was attached to the vessel. I noticed him particularly as soon as he came aboard—not so much because he was a tall, broad-shouldered, fine-looking chap, who completely outclassed the bunch he joined with in appearance and bearing, as because I saw what his trouble was as soon as I clapped an eye on him. I understood as soon as I made the discovery why Kingsley was wearing the uniform of a buck private in the marine corps. It was because a slavery to which he had become addicted in civil life had rendered him unfit and incompetent to keep up with the procession in civil life.

"That is to say, I didn't need two looks at Kingsley to see that morphine had him. His gray eyes focussed to pin-points, and he had all of the other exterior indications of the man chained in the morphia bondage.

"At the inspection on the Sunday following Kingsley's coming aboard I watched my immediate chief, the ship's surgeon, narrowly to see if he was going to get on to Kingsley when he passed by the marine in following after the commanding officer. When the surgeon passed by the row of marines, eyes straight ahead, I observed that he gave one sharp glance at Kingsley, and that was all.

"Below, in my storeroom, after inspection, the surgeon looked at me out of the tail of his eye.

"Have you noticed that marine, apothecary?" he asked me.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Hum—I'm glad to be corroborated—yet I was sure I couldn't have been mistaken," said the surgeon. "Better have an extra eye to your store of morphia—keep it under cover."

"However, Kingsley didn't become incapable. He was an admirable soldier of the sea. He was always right on the minute, a top-notch on guard duty, a spick-and-span man always. The marine officer in charge of the guard never, of course, suspected that there was anything wrong about Kingsley, and he thought so much of the man's faithfulness that he had him made a corporal a couple of months after Kingsley joined us. Kingsley was always under the influence of the drug, of course. He never ran out of the stuff. You know how morphine slaves provide against that awful contingency. He kept on edge all the time, and never appeared to overshoot his limit. Kingsley surely was a man of powerful self-control in that respect. However, I knew that it would get him in time, and throw him. It always does throw its victims if they give it rope enough, you know, and morphine is one of those things that just demands all the rope it wants.

"Kingsley knew by intuition that I knew about his habit, and he avoided me very elaborately. One noon-hour, however, I happened to be smoking a pipe at the gangway. Kingsley was looking out over the beautiful harbor

of Acapulco in his dreamy, dopey way—his way, that is to say, when he was off duty. Well, I edged over to Kingsley. We were quite apart from the rest of the men.

"Bucko," said I, in as kindly a way as I could—I felt sorry for Kingsley, who was most obviously a gentleman—you want to cut it out. You do for a fact. I'll nail you. It's a game you can't beat. Nobody can beat it. I can reduce you gradually—eight of a grain a day. Better let me take hold of you. It'll be on the quiet."

"That's good of you, pal," replied Kingsley, never taking his eyes away from the horizon to look at me. "I won't forget it. But I've tried reducing before. I'm going to make the fight alone. I'm going to hang on if it kills me. Death is only a little thing, anyhow, compared to this slavery. When we hike away from here for the islands next week, I'm going to leave all I've got of the stuff over the side. Then it'll be me or the powder. I'll do the best I know. I'll be trying to win, anyhow. Much obliged to you, all the same."

"Bad job, breaking it off all of a sudden," I told him. "Dangerous at that. Yet you're a pretty husky looking fellow. You may beat it."

"I was pretty skeptical about it, but I didn't want to discourage him. Well, the mudhook came up ten days later, and away we went to Honolulu. We started in the morning. I didn't see Kingsley until along toward night. He looked pretty bad, too. I knew that he was making the fight.

"Kingsley'll be coming to me for the stuff to-night," I thought. "He's been taking 30 or 40 grains a day, and he won't be able to stand it. But I'll be beached if it's found out that I've given him a sixteenth of a grain. I'm sorry for Kingsley, but I wouldn't be able to help him out."

"Well, Kingsley didn't come to me until along toward two o'clock on the following morning.

"Just an injection," he whispered to me, hoarsely, "I'm going insane."

"I couldn't, and I told Kingsley so as decently as I could. It hurt me to turn him down, but I couldn't take the chance. He shuddered all over, and staggered out of my little store room.

"Right forward of my store room was the store room of Wang Woo, the skipper's steward. Wang, of course, hit the pipe. Most Chinamen in the navy do, in the midnight privacy of their store rooms, but no official notice is taken of that. It's looked upon as part of the Chinaman's game. Well, Kingsley stumbled into Wang Woo's store room. Woo was cooking himself a pill in the dark. I heard Kingsley beg the Chink for a little of the gummy stuff, offering to give up a month's wages for it. Woo passed him up, and Kingsley stumbled forward, almost mad, as he had a right to be. He'd already have been insane had it not been for his great natural strength.

"At nine o'clock that morning, the hour for sick call, I saw Kingsley come down the after ladder, looking frightful. His face was drawn to a knot from his sufferings. One of the gun divisions was breaking out the after magazines, the hatches to which were right at the foot of the after ladders. The hatches were wide open. Kingsley, coming down the after ladder, saw that they were open. But Wang Woo, coming around from the ward room at a little lode, to answer the call of the skipper's messenger above, was looking aloft through the main hatch to see the messenger boy, and he didn't see the open magazine hatches. Well, he had one foot already over one of the hatches, and was just about to plunge to the bottom of the fixed ammunition magazine, when the collar of his blouse was gripped by the hand of a man whose muscles were like iron. I mean Kingsley. Kingsley raised Wang Woo bodily to the ladder steps. Wang Woo almost fainted when he saw the danger he had been in, but he smiled blandly at Kingsley, and Kingsley followed him into the Chinaman's store room.

"W'y, of course, Chinamen are grateful. Kingsley didn't report himself sick at all. He emerged from the Chinaman's store room ten minutes later, looking quite chipper, comparatively, and his eyes were focussed to pin points until we got to Honolulu. Then Kingsley went ashore, took an overdose with all the deliberation in life, and was found dead in bed at a little hotel in Waikiki, with suitable letters, telling about his people, sealed and addressed to the skipper, on the table beside him.

"A Chinaman'll always make good for favors received,"—Washington Star.

Hunting a Tiger. An English missionary to British Guiana penetrated a few years ago to the remotest settlements of those tropical wilds, where he was entertained by a half-breed settler. He reports one story told him there on a rainy day. The story is of interest for its dialect, as well as for its adventure:

Hanging over the fence about the cabin was a huge tiger skin. We had arrived only a few days after the animal was killed. "Tell us about it," I said, for, like the Athenians of old, we had nothing else to do just then but to tell or hear something new.

"Well," said Alec, "nebba trouble trouble till trouble trouble you. Dis fellow trouble a' we too much. He came in de night and steal de pork. He came 'gain and take a' we fowl. So we say: 'We no clea' groun' fo' monkey fo' run, 'pon, and we no rear fowl fo' tigha to eat. So we must catch he one dem nights."

"Three of us get guns, we climb 'pon tree, and we wait, and we say: 'Ebery day debil help tef, one day God mus' help watchman.' By and by we hear noise, massa. Tigah come carrying hog 'tween he feet'. Bang! Tigah stop, tigah growl. Bang! Tigah roar. He keep still, but we say: 'Ebery shob tef eye no sleep! We gib he one more. Bang! He dead fo' true. We han' he up. Dere he skin. 'No letchee, no habee.'"

WOULD INCREASE NAVY.

West Virginia Congressman Thinks United States Should Have Navy Half Strength of That of England.

"I believe that the United States should have a navy whose strength should be at least half of that of England," said Representative Dayton, of West Virginia, a member of the house naval committee. "Other countries are increasing their navies repeatedly, and the United States cannot afford to be in the rear of the procession. We can afford to spend approximately as much on the navy as on our army, and with \$100,000,000 per annum to expend on the navy we should have one which should be a source of pride and gratification to every American."

"I am a believer in battleships. It is in the battleship the reliance of the country on the sea must be placed. I do not think we should undertake to force the construction of the navy beyond the capacity of the American ship yards, as all our ships should be constructed at home. In fact, spending money on the navy is a good way to put it in circulation, for all of it goes to American ship yards or foundries and to American workmen."

"Our great trouble will be in finding the officers for the new navy. I am inclined to favor Admiral Crowninshield's recommendation that there should be for the next ten years be two cadets at Annapolis for each congressional district and four from the state at large."

SUICIDES IN ARMY.

Statistics Prepared by Surgeon General Sternberg Show There Is Not an Alarming Increase.

Surgeon General Sternberg has prepared statistics making a comparison of cases of suicides and homicides which occurred in the army during the years of 1898 and 1899 compared with the ten years between 1888 and 1897. It shows that there were relatively fewer homicides during those two years than during the previous decade. The average number of suicides per year in an army of 27,116 for the ten years was 17. The ratio per thousand was .63 per cent. The strength of the army in 1898 is given at 147,795, the average number of suicides, 38, and the percentage per thousand, .26. The strength of the army in 1899 is given at 105,546, and the number of suicides at 30; ratio per thousand, .28 per cent.

During the ten years from 1888 to 1897 the homicides are given at 5.5 per cent., and the ratio per thousand, .20 per cent. For 1898 the number of homicides at 19, and the ratio per thousand, .13 per cent.; for 1899 the number of homicides at 23 and the ratio per thousand, .22 per cent.

Big Job in Reglazing.

The Crystal palace in London has been reglazed at immense cost and on a new principle, which does away with the usual wood frames and putty joints. In the new work the panes of glass are much larger in size and are held in lead frames, which are so arranged that the metal can be worked down on the glass in an absolutely water-tight joint. The cost of the work is estimated at \$100,000 and is now almost complete.

New Ground for Divorce.

A Connecticut man has been given a divorce because his wife stayed at her lodge till midnight. Poor chap! says the Chicago Times-Herald. She probably made him sit up in order to call for her.

Apaches at Work.

The Indians of Colorado are becoming civilized. The once savage Apaches are now working in fields and on railroads.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Dec. 5.	
CATTLE—Common	\$2 25 @ 3 25
Extra butchers	4 60 @ 4 75
CALVES—Extra	@ 6 50
HOGS—Choice packers	4 75 @ 4 80
Mixed packers	4 60 @ 4 70
SHEEP—Extra	3 60 @ 3 75
LAMBS—Extra	@ 5 25
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 90 @ 4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 77
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 38 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 25
RYE—No. 2	@ 54
HAY—Best timothy.	@ 14 50
PORK—Family	@ 12 67 1/2
LARD—Steam	@ 6 90
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	@ 15
Choice creamery	@ 27
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	2 75 @ 3 00
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 40 @ 1 50
TOBACCO—New	8 05 @ 9 95
Old	12 00 @ 14 75
Chicago.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 65 @ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	72 @ 74
No. 3 spring	67 1/2 @ 70 1/2
CORN—No. 2	37 1/2 @ 37 3/4
OATS—No. 2	@ 23
RYE	49 @ 50
PORK—Mess	11 12 1/2 @ 11 25
LARD—Steam	7 20 @ 7 23 1/2
New York.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 60 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 79 1/2
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.	@ 46 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 26 1/2
RYE	@ 56
PORK—Family	15 50 @ 16 50
LARD—Steam	@ 7 57 1/2
Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	73 @ 73 1/2
Southern	70 @ 74
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 44 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	26 @ 26 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers	4 90 @ 5 15
HOGS—Western	5 40 @ 5 50
Louisville.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25 @ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 73
CORN—Mixed	@ 41
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 25
PORK—Mess	@ 12 00
LARD—Steam	@ 7 00
Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 73 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 36
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 33 1/2

The Chinese Almanac.

There is no work in the world of which so many copies are printed annually as the Chinese almanac. It predicts the weather, and notes the days which are considered lucky or otherwise for commencing any undertaking, for marrying, burying, or for applying remedies to diseases. A lucky day is not necessary when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is taken for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver or kidney troubles. It will cure all these disorders.

A Discerning Woman.

"Oh, yes," said young Mr. Blackstone, "I have been admitted to the bar, but I am not practicing regularly at it."

"Indeed!" murmured Miss Gooph, "I thought you practiced very often."

And the young man wished that he had not placed so much reliance in those clothes.

—Baltimore American.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

For the Looks of the Thing.

Seeker—Is there really any literary advantage in the possession of a de luxe edition of any author's works?

Sage—Not that I am aware of.

"Then why is it that so many people are willing to pay an extravagant price for one?"

"Just for de luxe of the thing, I suppose."

—Boston Courier.

A Physician's Prescription.

About four years ago Miss J. M. Desmond of 1300 B Street, S. W., Washington, D. C., wrote: "I am so well pleased with the effect on my skin of Palmer's Lotion, which was prescribed for me by one of our leading physicians, that I recommend it to all my friends." Many others who have used Palmer's Lotion find it so beneficial that they claim there is nothing else so good for skin diseases. Palmer's Lotion Soap possesses all the medicinal properties of this Lotion and should be used in connection with it in preference to any other soap. If your druggist does not keep it send to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl Street, New York, for sample of Palmer's Lotion and Lotion Soap.

It's the Other Fellow's Worry.

Bingham—Yes, this is a fine establishment, and one might suppose you are very happy in it. But don't you sometimes worry about the heavy rent?

Stilson—Oh, dear, no. I suspect, however, the landlord has qualms in regard to that matter.—Boston Transcript.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Woman's Resourcefulness.

Among the funny things which women do is to spread an old red shawl over the sofa and put a candle with a red shade on a table near by, and call it an oriental corner.—Atchison Globe.

Excursion Sleepers Via M. K. & T. Ry. Weekly Excursion Sleepers leave St. Louis via Katy (M. K. & T. Ry.) every Tuesday at 8:00 p. m. for San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Weekly Excursion Sleepers leave Kansas City via the M. K. & T. Ry. every Saturday at 9:05 p. m. for San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Rather Unusual.

Bowers—Here's an account of a strange happening—a child almost choked to death by a pin.

Sowers—What is there strange about it? "Because it was a safety-pin."—Judge.

The Census of 1900.

A booklet giving the population of all cities of the United States of 25,000 and over according to the census of 1900, has just been issued by the passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and a copy of it may be obtained by sending your address, with two-cent stamp to pay postage, to the General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

You are foolish to pry into your neighbor's affairs when a little finesse will discover the combination and let you in without prying.—Detroit Journal.

The Best Prescription for Chills. Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 60c.

"No more are you!" "That O! am! I got me papers just before election an' voted loike a mon."—Indianapolis News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

Citizens—"Has Danb made a success as an artist?" "Cynicus—"Yes, indeed. He belongs to five clubs."—Town Topics.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Wiggles—"Can you speak French?" Wazdes—"A little. That is, I can shrug my shoulders."—Somerville Journal.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

Men are seldom charitable on an empty stomach.—Chicago Daily News.

'Tis sweet to kiss—so is Kisme Gum to chew.

The only safe bet on record—the alphabet.—Chicago News.

Knowledge comes with what we learn; wisdom, with what we unlearn.—Judge.

It is hard to do, of course; still, you can be fooled.—Atchison Globe.

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For Infants and Children

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

WOES OF WORKERS.

The American man or woman is industrious. Our leisure class is small, our working world very large. Many of our leading citizens of great wealth

are hard workers. Our laboring classes are found in herds and hordes in the "hives of industry." What is all this work for? In most cases it is for daily bread, in many for maintenance of others. Great numbers also work to acquire wealth. Some to preserve intact a splendid inheritance. Necessity, generosity and ambition are the inspiration of all classes of industry, and the object of every one falls to the ground when ill-health attacks him.

Maintaining health is the most vital thing in the world for workers of every class, and the usefulness of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, as a strengthener of the constitutional and vital powers, is beyond all question. This great remedy enters into partnership with Nature and helps human beings do their work without giving up to premature decay. The strain of work is on the minds of some, on the bodies of others, but the nourishing of either, or both, is in the nerves and blood. Nervura acts directly on the fountains of health and its strengthening power is wonderful.

Dr. Greene's NERVURA

for the Blood and Nerves.

What does the worker do when some chronic trouble manifests itself? He takes some stimulant or something which is designed for temporary effect, and simply weakens his already overworked system. How different from this is the work of Nervura! How zealous its support to the natural powers! Without shock of any kind its purely vegetable elements seek out the weak spots and build them up. Immediately the circulation of the blood improves and the sluggish elements are expelled. The nerves are quieted, the quality of the blood is enriched and the new and strengthening tide communicates itself to every muscle of the body.

Mr. JOHN D. SMITH, Electrician for the Thomson-Houston Electric Co., of Lynn, Mass., says:

"When a man has been sick and is cured, it is his duty to tell others about it, that they, too, may get well. Three years ago I had been working almost night and day, could not eat regularly, and got only a few hours' sleep at night. No man can stand that long, and I soon began to be prostrated. I could not sleep when I tried, and my food would not stay on my stomach. I was in a terrible condition, and was much alarmed.

"I went to doctors, but they did me no good. Learning of the wonderful good done by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to try it. It cured me completely of all my complaints. I eat heartily and sleep well, thanks to this splendid medicine. I believe it to be the best remedy in existence."

Dr. Greene, Nervura's discoverer, will give all health seekers his counsel free of charge. His office is at 35 West 14th Street, New York City, and his advice may be secured by personal call or by letter through the mail; no charge is made in either case. The worn-out in body, mind, or sexual powers will get prompt help from Dr. Greene. His advice is absolutely confidential and is free to all.



Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures a Cough or Cold at once. Conquers Croup, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Grippe and Consumption. Mothers praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Get only Dr. Bull's! Price, 25 cents. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. Fifty pills, 10 cts. Trial box, 5 cts.

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Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Fac-Simile.

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Easy and Delicious Desserts.

Burnham's Hasty Jellycon makes delicious desserts. You have nothing to do but dissolve it in hot water and set it away to cool; it makes a delicious transparent and delightful jelly dessert. Flavors: orange, lemon, strawberry, raspberry, peach, wild cherry and unflavored "calfeet" for making wine and coffee jellies. Get a package today